Vol. III. No. 42. Total 146.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, No. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.
Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, *October* 15, 1803.

The Maid of Switzerland.

A TALE.

(CONCLUDED.)

ON their arrival at Paris she was immediately introduced to the Marquis. He received her with politeness and respect; but the natural coolness and *hauteur* of his temper prevented his expressing either tenderness or affection at the sight of so near a relation. Already depressed in her mind, this chilling interview almost annihilated her. By no means happy at at the thoughts of living with a man of the Marquis's disposition, she was rejoiced at his proposing to her, some time after her arrival, boarding in a convent, as the most eligible situation for a young female without protectors. As nothing could be more agreeable to her inclinations than such a proposal, she gladly acceeded to it, and in a short time was placed in one of the most respectable convents in Paris. Valmont was by no means pleased with this arrangement, apprehensive from the melancholy Julia still retained, she might be induced to think of taking the veil; dreading a resolution that would forever deprive him of all hope of being united to her, the distant idea of which he still fondly cherished. His fears where not groundless.—Julia, pleased with the respect and attention the lady abbess and the nuns paid her, and charmed with their bland and placid manners, listened with eager pleasure to the flattering and delusive picture they drew of the peace and happiness of a monastic life, exempt from the cares and anxieties of the world. Retirement and repose were the only blessings she now coveted, and the only prospect that now pleased her melancholy imagination. Though not unexpected, yet Valmont was driven to despair on being assured of her design; to dissaude her from her resolution he found impossible! though he employed all the rhetoric of a lover, joined to the influence of a brother. Not insensible to his ardent conjurations, nor unmoved by his tender intreaties, yet he could not prevail on her to alter her purpose. Possessed witha desire of ending her days in the convent, she closed her ears and guarded her heart from the power of Valmont's persuasions, with a caution and reserve that deeply wounded him.

Hopeless of changing her determination he left her, almost distracted. Several times he was on the point of soliciting his father to use his influence to dissuade her from her resolve, but he knew that father too well not to be fearful he would be disposed to encourage rather than disapprove an inclination that would ease him of all farther solicitude. The agitation of his mind occasioned by the fear of not being able to prevent a step he could not bear to think of, threw him into a fever that endangered his life. Julia had already entered her noviciate; but as the time approached when she must make her profession, she found her resolution relax. Valmont's grief was ever before her eyes; his tender affection, his constant and honourable passion, and the despair that overwhelmed him, were images that continually presented themselves. How then were they strengthened when informed he was ill, and that his life was despaired of? A thousand times did she repent of her rashness; and had not pride withheld her, would instantly have declined taking the veil to have restored Valmont to health.

The Marquis was soon made acquainted with the situation of his son's heart, as he frequently in his delirium called on the name of Julia, and uttered such exclamations as fully informed those around him how passionately he adored her. Anxious for the life of an only son, and fearing, as Valmont ardently wished to see her, any opposition might increase his disorder, the Marquis sent a messenger to Julia to request her presence immediately. She instantly obeyed the summons, and flew to the chamber of her lover. Though the fever had not yet left him, and he was still delirious, he knew her on her entrance, and this proof of her regard appeared to have more efficacy in calming his distempered mind than all the skill of the physicians.

From the constant care and attention of Julia, and the rectitude with which she administered his medicines, for he would receive them from no hand but hers, he soon discovered favourable symptoms. His fever in a short time abated, and left only the weakness usual in such cases. Julia now thought of returning to the convent, but was prevailed on to defer her design, as the Marquis joined his entreaties to those of his son, to induce her to stay; nor would the latter suffer her to depart till he had gained her promise to lay aside all thoughts of taking the vows. On her return, the lady abbess was extremely disappointed when Julia declared her change of sentiment, and that she wished not to abandon the world entirely, but would continue to to board as usual. Having flattered her avarice and ambition with the hopes of gaining such an addition to her society as the niece of an nobleman of so high rank and fortune as the Marquis, the lady abbess was highly mortifyed to find her artifices rendered abortive. Julia had been some time in the convent without having seen or

heard any thing from either the Marquis or Valmont. Anxious to know what could occasion this unusual neglect, and fearing she knew not what, she waited with impatience for some intelligence; when one morning Valmont appeared at the grate habited, in deep mourning; she hastily enquired if the Marquis was well? Guessing at the cause of her alarm by the question, he informed her it was not his father for whom he wore sable, but Madame de Valmont, whose sudden death was occasioned by the fright and ill treatment she received from robbers who attacked her charriage as she was returning late, or rather early, from an assembly where she had spent the night. "And now Julia," continued Valmont, "Since fate has removed every obstacle, you will not surely refuse to become mine, nor by delay longer deprive me of the happiness I have so long languished for."

Julia, confused and astonished at the surprising intelligence, for some time could make no answer, but recovering herself, with some confusion she replied: "Tho' Providence had so unforeseenly removed one obstacle, she did not see they were the nearer being united, for there still remained another: "Your father I am persuaded will never give his consent to our marriage, and without that we can never be united. Valmont, you cannot doubt my affection; but" —— "Affection!" reiterated he, "No, Julia, you never loved me, or you could not thus with cold and idle scruples oppose an union to which heaven now seems favourable. As to my father, having once sacrificed my happiness to his authority, he surely cannot expect another offering to his caprice." "Valmont," returned Julia, you do me wrong: my *cold* scruples, as you are pleased to term them, are not so unreasonable as you imagine; but the cruel doubts you entertain, groundless as unjust, I know not how to pardon. I own and assent to the the truth of what you say on the tyranny of your father, yet I still think he has a claim to your respect if not your obedience, and the compliment of asking his consent is surely his due." Valmont intreated Julia's pardon for the impetuosity of his temper, and assented to the propriety of informing his father, which on leaving her he immediately did. The Marquis knowing he could no longer expect that blind submission to his authority he had formerly exacted, replied, with his usual *sang froid* and indifference, "He might do as he thought proper. Happy that his wishes were not opposed, he hastened to claim the hand of his Julia, to whom on the expiration of his mourning, he was united in the festive bands of Hymen, whose rosy fetters they still wear with ease and pleasure.

The Chimney-Sweeper.

OR,

THE SCHOOL FOR LEVITY.

(From a late London Publication.)

CHAP. I.

IT was early in the morning of a cold November's day that Mr. Evelyn was disturbed from a comfortable sleep and pleasant dream by a terrible outcry and noise of something falling; he started up, and beheld an object that laid immediate claim to his sensibility. A poor little chimney-sweeper, about ten years of age, had been called in to sweep the kitchen chimney. He climbed with accustomed dexterity, and perched himself at the top to breathe after his fatiguing ascent: a lame martin was hopping upon the roof. The bosom of the little sooterkin beat with compassion, and he endeavoured to catch the bird, who, ignorant of his kind intention, fled from him as fast as his multilated limb would permit, and the boy was obliged to return to his business; but, unluckily descending the wrong chimney, missed his hold, and fell to the ground, where he laid extended, bruised most shockingly, and one leg and one arm broken. Mr. Evelyn instantly raised him in his arms, and placed him in his own warm bed; then rung the bell violently, and collected the whole family, consisting, at that time, of an old maiden sister, two female servants, and a footman: the master of the boy soon followed. Mr. Evelyn sent immediately for a surgeon, and declared the child should not be moved in his present state, notwithstanding Susan shook the sheets, and fretted at the dirt; besides which, Mrs. Lucretia declaimed most elaborately against the offensive smell of soot: Mr Evelyn was ever obstinate in the cause of humanity; but the surgeon performed his operation with skill, and every prospect of success; and to satisfy the women, said that he did not apprehend any harm could arise from washing the patient with gentleness and care. This task was assigned to Susan, who most unwillingly performed it, protesting aloud that she wondered her master could expect her to touch the dirty creature. This inexorable master, however, not only insisted upon the ablution, but also lent an assisting hand; and was much pleased with the looks of his young charge, who though pale with pain and terror, had a countenance the most attractive, and bore his suffering with patient meekness. His hair had been cut closely off, as an incumbrance in his profession; but his eyes and eyebrows were dark, and formed for expression: his nose was well formed; his mouth and teeth beautiful.

"What a pity this child should be a chimney-sweeper!" said Mr. Evelyn to himself: many a duke would be proud of such a son." Then, sitting down beside him, and taking his little chubby hand, he said, "Are you in much pain now, my good boy?"

"No," was his answer; but his voice was weak and tremulous, and he looked round, as in fear.

"What are you seeking?" asked Mr. Evelyn, kindly, "Do you want your father or mother?"

"No," said the boy; "but I must get up and go work, or my master will beat me."

"Does he often beat you?"

"Very often," replied the child; and his eyes filled with tears.

"But he shall not beat you now," said Mr. Evelyn, for you are ill, and connot work; but, where are your father and mother?

"I have none."

"Why, where did you come from?"

"From the parish; and they beat me there too."

"Then I fear you are a bad boy."

"Not always; but they beat me when I am hungry, and they beat poor Crab, too; and that makes me cry worse."

"And who is Crab?"

"Our great dog."

"Are you fond of Crab?"

"Yes; we sleep upon straw, in the loft; and I always give him half my bread and treacle."

Mr. Evelyn, fearing to fatigue him by too much conversation, bade him go to sleep, and left him; but his benevolence was roused, and he resolved to speak with the master concerning his treatment of the boy: he related word for word what had passed. The man scratched his head and said—

"To be *sarten*, he did lick the boy now and then; for the young dog, when he got a halfpenny, instead of buying gingerbread, which would help to fill his belly, would run to get little books, and then sit poking in corners till he could read them."

"And is it your dog he is so fond of?" asked Mr. Evelyn.

"Why, Sir, as a body may say, it is nobody's dog: to be sure, I keeps it, and they both together are very expensive to me: but you must know that the dog saved his life once: when a great house was on fire, Crab brought him out in his mouth; and, as there was nobody to tell who the child belonged to, he was taken to the parish, and the dog followed, and, being a good looking beast, they let it stay; but, when they bound him over to me, he cried so violently for Crab, that they begged me to take the dog too, which I, being of a pityful turn, agreed to; and the dumb creature has been so quiet and good-natured ever since, that I could not bear to turn him out, poor toad: besides, rather than lose his dog, the boy makes one meal serve them both."

Tears sprang to the eyes of Mr. Evelyn. "All-powerful sympathy," he exclaimed, "how art thou implanted in the human heart! Oh! why do ever the calls of worldly interest deaden thy force! But, were no persons saved from the flames to tell who the child was?" said Mr. Evelyn.

"Please you, I never axed; but the parish folks at St. Ann's can tell you."

To them Mr. Evelyn resolved to apply, and walked thither as soon as he was dressed; and, having repeated his enquiries learned, that in the month of May 1780, a genteel young woman had taken lodgings for herself, child, and maid servant, in Gerrard-street, Soho; that she went by the name of Edwards, and said she was in expectation of her husband's return from the army; that she seemed very modest and well behaved, and always paid genteelly; that within a fortnight a letter arrived which threw her into deep distress: she gave out that her husband was dead, and she put herself into very deep mourning; yet the people of the house could not but entertain suspicions. Her grief was excessive, and continued so till the night the fire broke out, when she was brought out of the house insensible by a fireman: her servant was not to be found, and it was imagined she perished in the flames; neither was any of her property or wearables saved. It was the parish schoolmistress who gave Mr. Evelyn this information; to which she added, that the unfortunate woman was removed to a madhouse, where she still remained, totally devoid of reason; but no one had made application concerning her, though she had been advertised three times by the parish officers.

(To be continued.)

MASSACRE OF THE PEACOCKS,

AND THE

Origin of the Term SWISSER.

AN HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

ALBERT, Archduke of Austria, being promoted to the empire, formed a design of reducing Switzerland into an heriditary principality for one of his children, a part of the country being within his territories. Governors were sent to execute this unjust purpose. The people, naturally patient, could not bear the oppression of the Governors. Three farmers had interest to unite the towns in which they lived against the common enemy. Their example was followed by the Cantons of Schwitz, Uri, and Underwald. Schwitz was the first in declaring itself, and became the theatre of of the first victory gained over the tyrants of their country; and on this account all the members of this patriotic league took the name of *Swissers*. Such was their animosity against the House of Austria, that they put to death all the PEACOCKS in the country, because a peacock's tail made part of the Austrian arms. A Swiss being told in company, that the sun formed a kind of representation of a peacock's tail in a glass of wine before him, drew his sabre, and amidst a thousand curses on the whole Austrian family, smashed the glass in shivers, and then sat down with the pride and complacency of a man who had obtained a national victory.

Diversity.

REFLECTION.

FOUND IN THE STREET.

NOW, my soul, the day is ended, the hours are all fled: they are all fled to the Supreme Judge, and have given in their evidence. An evidence registered in heaven, and to be produced at the great audit. Happy they whose improvement has kept pace with the fleeting minutes; who have seized them, as they advanced; and engaged them in the pursuit of wisdom, or the service of virtue.

—

A German journalist states, that the last Book Fair at Leipsic was rather dull—Divinity went off heavily—Metaphysics sold for waste-paper, but Novels and Plays, lightly tinctured with MADNESS, were all the RAGE.

—

MAXIM.

Such is the condition of life, that somethi.g is always wanting to happiness. In youth we have warm hopes, which are soon blasted by rashness and negligence, and great designs, which are defeated by inexperience. In age we have knowledge and prudence, without spirit to exert, or motives to prompt them: we are able to plan schemes and regulate measures, but have not time remaining to bring them to completion.

—

Nothing sooner leads to despondency, than hope improperly indulged. Real friendship can never exist among those whose actions have banished virtue and truth. The sentiments and inclinations of a well-educated person may in some measure be compared to a tree, whose branches have been pruned and trimmed by an expert gardener, and which retains in its growth and appearance ever after an air of symmetry and proportion.

—

SINGULAR METEOR.

An English gentleman who is a prisoner at Fontainbleau, writes under the date of 13th July as follows: "I was bathing a few evenings since, with some Englishmen my fellow prisoners, when we saw a most beautiful and singular meteor. About half an hour after sun-set, two balls appeared in the air above where the sun had set, resembling the sun in brightness. They were about the height at which the sun is two hours before its setting. They lasted about ten minutes, moving almost imperceptibly towards the south, and giving an amazing light, when they gradually appeared to dissolve into fiery smoke, which reddened the atmosphere to a considerable distance round where they had been, for an hour afterwards. Some said, this was a reflection of the sun, but it could not be, as it had been set half an hour, and besides they would never have dissolved into smoke. Mr. Pigot, talking about it, says that these are the same class as those we call falling stars, which are *large stones continually floating about in the immense space of nature, and when they come within* 60 *or* 70 *miles of the earth by which they are attracted, they fall to it.*

"Several of these stones have been picked up in different parts of the world, and they have not been found to resemble *any earthly substance.*

—

In the neighbourhood of Sweedsborough, Anson county (N. C.) about the 12th July last, died Mr. *Charles Jordon*, who from his own account (which is not doubted) was born in the month of April, 1689, aged 114. —Hunting appears to have been his favorite amusement, and only four years ago he killed two Dear at a shot.

ON INTEMPERATE PLEASURE.

"IT is an invariable law of our present condition, that every *pleasure* which is pursued to *excess*, converts itself into a *poison*. In all the pleasures of sense, it is apparent, that only when indulged within *certain limits*, they confer *satisfaction*. No sooner do we pass the line which temperance has drawn, than pernicious effects come forward and shew themselves. Could I lay open to your view the monuments of death, they would read a lecture on moderation, much more powerful than any that the most eloquent writers can give. You would behold the graves peopled with the victims of intemperance. You would behold those chambers of darkness hung round, on every side, with the trophies of luxury, drunkenness, and sensuality. So numerous would you find those victims to iniquity, that it may be safely asserted, where war or pestilence have slain their thousands, *intemperate pleasure* has slain its ten thousands.—How long shall it be, ere the fate of your predecessors in the same course teach you wisdom? How long shall the experience of all ages continue to lift its voice to you in vain? Beholding the ocean on which you are embarked covered with wrecks, are not those fatal signals sufficient to admonish you of the hidden rock?

"We all of us have experienced the effects which any indisposition of the body, even though slight, produces on external prosperity. Visit the gayest and most fortunate man on earth, only with sleepless nights; disorder any single organ of the senses; corrode but one of his smallest nerves; and you shall presently see all his *gaiety* vanish; and you shall hear him complain that he is a miserable creature, and express his envy of the peasant and the cottager. And can you believe, that a disease in the soul is less fatal to *enjoyment* than a disease in the animal frame; or that a *sound mind* is not as essential as a *sound body* to the happiness of man? Let us rate sensual gratifications as high as we please, we shall be made to feel that the seat of enjoyment is in the soul. The man of moderation alone brings to all the natural and innocent pleasures, that sound uninterrupted relish, which gives him a much fuller enjoyment of them than the pallid and vitiated appetite of the voluptuary can allow him to know. He culls the flower of every allowable gratification, without dwelling upon it, until its sweetness be lost. He stops at the point before enjoyment degenerates into disgust, and *pleasure* is converted into *pain*. Moderate and simple pleasure relish high with the temperate; whereas it is a great luck, if the voluptuary does not return disgusted even from a feast. In the pleasures which are regulated by moderation, besides, there is always that dignity which goes along with innocence. No man needs to be ashamed of them. They are consistent with honour; with the favour of GOD, and of man. But the sensualist, who disdains all restraint in his pleasures, is odious in the public eye. His vices become gross; his character contemptible; and he ends in being a burden both to himself and to society.

"By unhappy excesses, how many amiable dispositions have been corrupted or destroyed? How many rising capacities and powers have been suppressed? How many flattering hopes of parents and friends have been totally extinguished? who but must drop a tear over human nature, when he beholds that morning which arose so bright, overcast with such untimely darkness; that good humour which captivated all hearts, that vivacity which sparkled in every company, those abilities which were fitted for adorning the highest station, all sacrificed at the shrine of low sensuality; and one who was formed for running the fair career of life in the midst of public esteem, cut off by his vices at the beginning of his course, or sink, for the whole of it, into insignificancy and contempt!—These, O sinful Pleasure! are *thy* trophies.

"Retreat, then, from your dishonourable courses, ye who by licentiousness, extravagance, and vice, are abusers of the world! You are grossly misemploying the gifts of GOD; and mistake your true interest. Awake then to the pursuit of men of virtue and honour. Break loose from the magic circle, within which you are at present held. Reject the poisoned cup which the enchantress Pleasure holds up to your lips. Draw aside the veil which she throws over your eyes. You will then see other objects than you now behold. You will see an abyss opening below your feet. You will see VIRTUE and TEMPERANCE marking out the road, which conducts to *true felicity*. You will be enabled to discern, that the world is enjoyed to advantage, by none but such as follow those divine guides; and who consider "PLEASURE AS THE SEASONING, BUT NOT AS THE BUSINESS OF LIFE."

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SPANISH SALAMANDER.

PARIS has for some days rung with a relation of the wonderful exploits of a Spaniard in that city, who is endowed with qualities by which he resists the action of very high degrees* of heat, as well as the influence of the strong chemical re-agents. Many histories of the trials to which he has submitted before a commission of the Institute and Medical School, have appeared in the public papers; but the public wait with impatience for the report to be made in the name of the commission by Professor Pinel.

Until this report, which will contain a variety of details on the mode of conducting the experiments, be made known, your correspondent sends some of the more remarkable circumstances, of which he has been himself a witness.

The subject of these trials is a young man, a native of Toledo in Spain, 23 years of age, and free of any apparent peculiarities which can announce any thing remarkable in the organization of the skin; after examination, one would be rather disposed to conclude a peculiar softness than that any hardness or thickness of the cuticle existed, either naturally or from mechanical causes. Nor was there any circumstance to indicate that the person had been previously rubbed with any matter capable of resisting the operation of the agent with which he was brought in contact.

This man bathed for the space of six minutes, and without any injury either to his sensibility or the surface of the skin, his legs in oil, heated 970 of Reaumur, (250½ degrees of Fahrenheit;*) and with the same oil, at the same degree of heat, he washed his face and superior extremities. He held for the same space of time, and with as little inconvenience, his legs in a solution of muriate of soda, heated to 102 of the same scale, (261½ Fahr.) He stood on and rubbed the soles of his feet with a bar of iron heated to a white heat, in this state he held the iron in his hands and rubbed the surface of his tongue.

He filled his mouth with concentrated sulphuric and nitric acids, without the smallest injury or discoloration; the nitrous acid changed the cuticle to a yellow colour; with the acids in this state he rubed his hands and arms. All these experiments were continued long enough to prove their inefficiency to produce any impression. It is said on unquestionable authority, that he remained a considerable time in an oven heated to 65 or 70 degree, (178—189 Fahr.) and from which he was with diffi-

NOTE.

* As the method of converting the degree on Reaumur's thermometer to those on Fahrenheit is not generally known, we insert the rule; multiply the number on Reaumur by 2¼, and add 32 to the product. The heat of boiling water is 212 degrees of Fahrenheit.

culty induced to retire, so comfortable did he feel that high temperature.

It may be proper to remark, that this man seems totally uninfluenced by any motive to mislead, and, it is said, he has refused flattering offers from some religious secretaries, of turning to emolument his singular qualities; yet on the whole it seems to be the opinion of most philosophical men, that this person must possess some matter which counteracts the operation of these agents. To suppose that nature has organised him differently, would be unphilosophic: by habit he might have blunted his sensibility against those impressions that create pain under ordinary circumstances; but how to explain the power by which he resists the action of those agents which are known to have the strongest affinity for animal matter, is a circumstance difficult to comprehend. It has not failed however to excite the wonder of the ignorant, and the inquiry of the learned at Paris.

I. E.

ÆRIAL THOGHTS ON TERRESTRIAL METEORS.

An *Ignis Fatuus*, that bewitches,
And leads them into pools and ditches.

I Shall not confine myself solely to the *Ignis Fatuus* of Hudibras, but pursue that deceitful meteor through the various forms, under which it is constantly every day appearing, without being dispersed even by the glare of the noon-day sun. It is frequently seen issuing from the mouths of those who call themselves gospel-preachers. On this occasion, it sometimes assumes the form of every thing that is lovely and engaging, when it seldom fails to fascinate the spectator, and draw him from the pursuit of every other laudable object; and at other times, in a shape so ghastly, horrible, and terrifying, as to destroy every faculty of the minds of those that follow it, till it leaves them in a state of insanity, or leads them to them to the grave.—The lawyer has his *Ignis Fatuus*, and so has the physician: with the former, it appears under the confused shapes of writs of error, replications, triplications, demurrers, and appeals; and with the latter it makes it appearance as pills, bolusses and lotions. These lead to the destruction of health, and the loss of life; while the deceitful meteor of the lawyer is not so mischievous, since it leads its followers only to rags and poverty.

The *Ignis Fatuus* of the shopkeeper constantly appears in the unequivocal form of a lie, with which his customers are so pleasingly deluded that they suffer their pockets to be picked, without the least murmur or complaint. Indeed, such is the infatuation of some people, and the ladies in particular, that they will not enter a shop where this meteor does not blaze with transplendent lustre.

The *Ignis Fatuus* of the patriot is a most brilliant meteor, since it twinkles like the stars, and blazes like the sun, so as to dazzle the eyes of the generality of beholders; but notwithstanding all its luminous appearance, its light is at last generally extinguished by a golden shower, when it soon totally disappears in a cloud, till seen blazing again in a very opposite part of the political heavens.

The *Ignis Fatuus* of friendship is an odd sort of a meteor, since it is never seen, and consists only in sounds, which, though they are the most pleasing and melodious imaginable, are at last found to be only, what the countryman in the fable says of his bird, *vox et præterea nihil.*

Love, that *Ignis Fatuus*, which flutters round the heart of every youthful fair one, has raised many commotions in the empire of beauty, and deluded many from the thorny paths of virtue into the wiles of destructive pleasure. Such is the power of this lawless blazing meteor, which traverses at random the horizon of youth, that even the eye of reason has often been deceived; and prudence, with all her boasted caution, has been led astray from the beaten path. Age, and experience too, who have treated the delusive power of this meteor with ridicule and derision, have severely felt its fascinating influence; and few indeed are those, who have not been compelled to confess its bewitching power.

The *Ignis Fatuus* of ambition is the most dangerous, and the most to be dreaded of all meteors that can blaze around us, since we no soooner catch sight of it, than we view every thing thro' a false medium. The first glance of it pleases and delights us, and we view, as it were in perspective, happiness seated in the centre of its flame; but while we fancy it within our reach, it flies from us, and constantly eludes our grasp. Care, gloom, anxiety, and sorrow, succeed the disappointment; and so great is its intoxicating influence, that it actually draws a veil over the eyes of its votaries, whereby they cannot see that happiness, ease, and pleasure, actually follow close behind them, and in vain implore their embrace.—Even human life may be said to be but an *Ignis Fatuus*, which we view with pleasure in our youth, but begin to think little of as we advance to old age; and perhaps my readers will conclude, that all I have been here writing is but a *Ignis Fatuus*, or insignificant vapour, which has caught fire in the literary region, is gazed at for a moment, and thought of no more.

Caracaros and Zedara.

AN INDIAN TALE.

(CONCLUDED.)

Caracaros, agreeable to his wishes, was joined by great numbers of the wretched natives in his march, and fortunately fell in with a body of 1200 Peruvians, who were engaged in the same cause with himself, and determined to sacrifice their lives in defence of their country. With this force he encompassed the advanced guard of the Spaniards, who little imagined their foes were so formidable, and cut most of them in pieces. Lopez himself narrowly escaped being taken prisoner, and fled with disgrace into the capital. The village to which Mariana had been sent, fell into the hands of Caracaros at the same time; and, as she was richly habited, she was supposed to be a person of no small distinction, and as such brought into the presence of her father. Four years had now elapsed since he last beheld her, and though time had greatly improved her infant beauties, the instant he cast his eyes upon her, he recollected her to be his long lost child. She threw herself at his feet, and was unable to speak the effusions of her heart, from the surprise and joy which possessed her. After mutual caresses, she was sent under the conduct of her brother Guyomar to a town called Mestees, at that time garrisoned by the Mexicans, as a place of security, while Caracaros was determined to pursue his advantage, and push on to the walls of the capital.

The next morning however he found it necessary to alter his resolution, as he received certain intelligence that a body of the Spaniards and their auxiliaries, consisting of four times his numbers, were strongly posted within a league of the city, and his followers seemed to be unanimous in resolving not to hazard a battle against such superior force.

For these reasons he, though unwillingly, wheeled about, and divided his troops into small bodies, in order to harrass the enemy, fixing the general rendezvous at Mestees, where he had dispatched Guyomar the day before.

In the dead of the night, a messenger arrived at the camp of Caracaros with the unwelcome tidings, that the detachment, which had been sent off under the command of Guyomar, had been defeated by a troop of Spanish horse, and that the gallant youth had been mortally wounded by the Spanish Chief, whose principal object seemed to be the carrying off Ze-

dard, in which he had unluckily succeeded.

The distress our noble Indian felt upon this occasion, can be easier imagined than described: he started from his tent, frantic at the intelligence; and flew to Mestees, where he had the mournful satisfaction of embracing Guyomar, just before he expired. The youth had fought with uncommon courage hand to hand with the chief of the enemy, who made his attack in the most desperate manner, and who no sooner saw Zedara in the hands of his followers, than he ordered them to desist from the combat, which was entirely in his own favour, and rode off in triumph.

This Spanish officer was no other than Don Sebastian, who, being posted with a body of horse within a few miles of the head quarters of Don Lopez, no sooner discovered that the enemy had carried off his adorable Mariana, than he determined to recover her, or die in the attempt. To this end he selected a band of soldiers, whose valour he had often experienced, and proceeded to watch the motions of Caracaros, from one of whose straggling troops he learned the circumstance of Mariana's being sent to Mestees; on which he pursued the detachment with the utmost celerity, overtook and defeated it as above mentioned.

The beautiful Indian was not a little surprised at the sight of Sebastian, who loaded her with caresses, while she expressed her apprehensions for Guyomar's safety with the greatest anxiety. This led her to explain to Sebastian who she really was, and to acquaint him with the reasons which occasioned her to keep her being the daughter of Caracaros a secret. The Spaniard was alarmed at this information; he was conscious he had given her brother his mortal wound, but thought it best for the present to conceal it from her, and use every means in his power to alleviate her sorrow.

An inundation, occasioned by the melting of snow on the high mountains, which is common in that quarter of the globe, prevented Sebastian from returning to the capital the usual road; and, in endeavouring to ford a small river which had been greatly increased by the floods, he was suddenly surrounded by one of the parties which Caracaros had dispatched to harrass the enemy. He fought courageously for some minutes; but his horse, receiving a wound from one of the enemy's arrows, in spite of his efforts to prevent him, jumped into the flood, and was carried down the stream with the utmost rapidity. His troops being pressed by a superior force, were presently broken and put to flight, while Zedara once more fell into the hands of the Mexicans, to whom she directly made herself known, and desired to be conveyed to her father.

Caracaros, penetrated with the most lively grief for the death of his son, had retired to an unfrequented cave near Mestees, which had frequently afforded him an asylum from his enemies, and which he now pitched upon as the burial-place for the lamented youth. The sight of his daughter threw a suffusion of joy over his countenance; he tenderly embraced her, and, after hearing the manner in which she had been treated by Sebastian, suspected she had a partiality in his favour. He was soon confirmed in his conjecture, by her hinting that Sebastian desired nothing more than to put an end to the bloody war which had been so long carried on with the natives; and that, as a proof of his earnest wishes for a happy reconciliation, he had instructed her to acquaint Caracaros, that he should esteem the hand of his daughter the greatest honour that could be conferred upon him.

The valiant Indian started at these words, and, darting a look full of resentment at Zedara, struck into the cave, from whence he instantly returned bearing a bloody robe, which he displaying before her: "Behold," said he, "degenerate girl, these fatal stains. This is thy brother's vestment; his blood cries loudly for vengeance on that villain whose praises you have just been so lavish in." Zedara was filled with horror at these words; she sunk senseless upon the ground, and was conveyed soon after by her attendants to Mestees, where the disturbance of her mind threw her into a disorder from which the most melancholy consequences were apprehended.

Sebastian, after being carried a considerable way down the stream, with difficulty reached the opposite shore, from whence, wandering some time thro' unfrequented paths, he at length arrived at a village garrisoned by the Spaniards. Here he learned the important news, that Don Lopez had resigned his military employments, and that he himself was advanced to the chief command of the Spanish forces. This intelligence greatly relieved the perturbation of his mind, and, after making the necessary dispositions for dislodging the enemy, he sent overtures of a very honourable nature to Caracaros, and repeated the offer he had before made, with respect to his daughter. The inflexible Indian, however would hearken to no terms of accommodation, and pursued his operations with redoubled vigour. Tired of making war in detail, this intrepid chief encouraged his troops to hazard a general battle. In order to deceive the Spaniards, the natives made a feint of retiring before them. The Europeans pushed close upon their rear, till the Mexicans came between two hills, within a few miles of Mestees, when they suddenly made a stand, and Sebastian found himself flanked by two bodies of his enemies. The action presently became general: but, from Caracaros's having received a shot in his lungs, and the enemy's artillery being admirably served, the Indians became disheartened, and were soon put to flight, notwithstanding their advantageous situation. A great slaughter ensued, and Caracaros, with the shattered remains of his troops, took refuge in Mestees, which was immediately after invested by the victor, and summoned instantly to surrender. The Indian chief, finding his death was at hand, sent for his daughter, who was now in a state of recovery from the malady she had suffered. Zedara came weeping into his presence; she fell upon her knees, and kissed her father's hand; but he turned himself from her, and, after upbraiding her with betraying her country, sacrificing the gods of her fathers, and wishing to marry the murderer of her brother, stabbed her to the heart.

This ferocious act of savage patriotism struck all the beholders with horror. A few minutes after, Sebastian, to whom the gates had been opened by the people, upon his solemn promise that their lives should be spared, entered the mournful apartment, when Caracaros, observing him petrified with astonishment at the dreadful spectacle, in dying accents addressed him to this purport: "Christian, my son's revenged;—thou shalt not o'er his grave exult—my daughter owes her death to thee—fare thee well, and know that Caracaros despised thy offers, as he wished not to survive the freedom of his country." Here death stopped his further utterance, and the attention of the spectators was attracted by Sebastian, who threw himself upon the body of the lifeless Mariana, in an agony of despair; and it was with the utmost difficulty his attendants could separate him from her.

She was interred with great funeral pomp a short time after, in the Cathedral Church at Mexico, by the direction of her lover, who caused a monument to be erected to her memory, containing an inscription, reciting her melancholy story, engraved in letters of gold.

PHILADELPHIA,

OCTOBER 15, 1803.

Health of the City.

HEALTH-OFFICE REPORTS.

ENDING EACH DAY AT NOON.

Cases of Malignant Fever in the City and Liberties.

Oct. 8. From thirty-three physicians—3 new cases, 1 of many days illness, and 1 suspicious.

Oct. 10. From thirty-three physicians, for 48 hours—2 new cases, and 1 supicious.

Oct. 11. From thirty-two physicians—4 new cases.

Oct. 12. From thirty-two physicians—3 new cases, and 1 of four days illness.

Oct. 13. From thirty-two physicians—3 new cases, 1 of eight days illness, and 1 suspicious.

Oct. 14. From twenty-eight physicians—1 suspicious case, and one of many days illness.

☞ Total number of cases reported to the Board of Health from the 8th to the 14th of October, 19, and 4 suspicious.

City Hospital Reports.

Ending each day at 8 o'clock in the morning.

	Admit.	*Died*	*Dischar.*	*Rem. in Hosp.*		
Oct. 8.—2	0	2	12	3		
—— 9.—0	0	0	12	3		convalescent.
——10.—1	1	1	11	3		
——11.—2	0	0	13	3		
——12.—4	0	0	17	3		
——13.—2	2	0	17	4		
——14.—1	0	2	16	4		
Totals, 12	5	5				

Interments in the different Burial-grounds of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia —ending each day at noon.

(Collected for the Board of Health)

	Adults	*Children*	*Total*
Oct. 8	13	1	14
—— 9 }			
—— 10 }	13	2	15
—— 11	8	2	10
—— 12	7	3	10
—— 13	8	1	9
—— 14	6	5	11
	55	14	69

FEVER IN NEW-YORK.

Reports of the Committee of Health.

October 7. Twelve new cases, and eleven deaths.

October 8. Thirty-one new cases, and nine deaths.

October 10. For the last 48 hours—Thirty-one new cases, and twenty-seven deaths.

October 11. Thirty-one new cases, and twelve deaths.

October 12. Twenty-three new cases, and ten deaths.

October 13. Thirty-one new cases, and nine deaths.

INTERMENTS in the different burying grounds of the city of Baltimore, for the week, ending the 10th inst. at sun-rise—Adults, 9; Children, 9—Total, 18.

FEVER AT ALEXANDRIA.

Reports of the Committee of Health.

Oct. 6.—Seven deaths.

Oct. 7.—Seven deaths.

Oct. 8.—Three deaths.

Oct. 10.—For 48 hours, five deaths.

Oct. 11.—Four deaths.

Oct. 12.—Four deaths.

CITY OF WASHINGTON.

THERE are in Washington, a few more than 900 Dwelling Houses, of two stories and upwards, principally of Brick; and between 1 and 200 hundred temporary wooden buildings, of smaller size. The number of inhabitants cannot be accurately known, without an actual enumeration; but from the best information to be obtained, the population amounts to about 5,000 persons of all ages. In this it is meant to exclude Georgetown, immediately adjoining the west end of the city, which may contain some thousands. The population of both places must have nearly doubled, in these last three years.

A Murder of unequalled horror, has happened at Hamburg. It was committed by a student, in the 50th year of his age, in a fit of melancholy delirium. He had been out with his family, returned, and all retired to rest by 11 o'clock. In the night he got up and deliberately murdered his wife and six children, sparing two other children who were in bed with his own, and without disturbing any one in the house, in which were several lodgers. He then proceeded to where a servant girl slept, informed her that he was going out, and should return at 7 o'clock; but not coming home at this time, the girl proceeded to get the children, and call her mistress, when she found them dead, weltering in their blood. On the alarm being given, he was pursued, and near a mill, about half a mile from Hamburg, he was found with his throat cut, but not quite dead. He was conveyed back to Hamburg.

[*From the Luzerne Federalist.*

Messrs. Miners,

By inserting the following, you will oblige the cause of humanity.

Recipe for the Bilious Cholic, *and the* Dysentery.

BY DR. USHER, OF CONNECTICUT.

Dissolve in keen vinegar as much common table salt as will, when put in an open bottle, ferment and work itself clear. The bottle should be nearly full, that it may discharge the foam; this done bottle it for use, let the person affected, take a large spoonful of the vinegar in about a gill of boiling water, or at least, as hot as he can drink it, until he finds relief. It will effectually remove the cause in either case, although the patient may be so far relaxed to die with weakness. The same remedy is excellent in the Common Cholic.

THOMAS GILBERT, gives public notice, that he claims the right of discovering the efficacy of "*Common Table Salt,*" as the only *Preventative and Cure of the Yellow Fever,* of every nature, and type; whether the Levantine Plague, West India Yellow Fever, or American Bilious remittant Fever. [*N. York Pap.*

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 14th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Sloan, *John M'Murtre,* esq. to Miss *Ann Shippen,* both of Belvedere, (N. J.)

——, on the 5th inst. by H. Hankinson, esq. Mr. *Samuel Blair,* of Beaver-brook, to Miss *Maria Shippen,* of Belvedere, (N. J.)

——, same day, in Friends' Meeting, at Wright's-town, Mr. *William Maris,* merchant, of this city, to Miss *Jane Beaumont,* daughter of John Beaumont, esq. of Upper Wakefield, Bucks County.

——, on the 10th inst. at the seat of Gen. Dickinson, near Trenton, by the Rev. Bishop White, *George Fox,* esq. to Miss *Dickinson.*

——, on the 19th inst. Mr. *John Leycock* to the amiable Miss *Margaret Riffitts,* both of this city.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 12th ult. of the prevailing fever, *Richard Massey,* son of the late Samuel Massey, of this city. He was an affectionate husband, a tender parent—and has left a wife with two children to lament the change.

——, on the 6th inst. after a few days illness, Mr. *Jacob Heyberger,* jun. an amiable and worthy young man.

——, on the 10th inst. *John Joyce,* of Scotland, Mariner;—he arrived a few days since from Liverpool, and came to the Pennsylvania Hospital, to see an old ship-mate; after asking him a few questions at the gate he turned to go home and fell instantly dead on the pavement; efforts to bleed him were immediately made, without effect—for six months past he had been subject to violent spasms and pains in the breast, a slight affection of which he felt a few minutes before he expired—he has left a widow with a son about six years old.

——, suddenly, at Baltimore, of the cramp in the stomach, Mr. *John Travers,* merchant of this city.

☞ We are requested to contradict the report of the death of Mr ROBERT GETTY, which has for some time been in circulation, and was published through mistake in some of the daily papers. It was Mr. *John Getty,* brother to Robert Getty, whose decease we have to deplore, and who died in Bucks county some weeks ago.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

From an inspection of three different communications from an *intended correspondent,* who signs himself *W. G.* we do not feel disposed to give him any encouragement.

The auctioneer, and some other communications are under consideration.

ERRATUM—In the question proposed by J. G. page 310, the reader is requested to correct the following error, viz. for "*perpendicular to the equator,*" read "*perpendicular to the plane of the equator.*"

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MR. HOGAN,

You will, I hope, give the following lines a place in your paper, however inferior they may be to the generality of your publications. They were composed on by a *young man*, a fellow-member of the deceased, of a private institution, at the news of his death.

Your constant reader,

R. N———R.

AN ADIEU

TO JAMES MC———.

ADIEU dear James, the scene is o'er,
Your social hand I'll shake no more;
No more together shall we meet,
Nor we each other's aid intreat:
But I'll with mourning friends condole
The exit of your grateful soul—
Yet why should we your loss lament.
'Tis Heaven's will,—let's be content,
And rather turn our tears to praise,
And bless our God for all his ways:
He's crown'd our friend with endless joy....
Let praise our tongue then still employ.

ENIGMAS.

1. MY influence is not confin'd,
Unto this earth alone:
The other planets are my charge,
All claim me for their own.

The brightest image mortals see,
Of the Eternal Mind—
From what I've said, I think you may,
My name with pleasure find.

CLIO.

2. Two syllables compose my name,
Eight letters all that they contain;
Although no light falls to my share,
T'improve a light is all my care.

CLIO.

IMPROMPTU,

On the rising Sun, at his beams first entered the author's chamber in the morning. Sept. 1803.

AURORA fair, with rosy finger born,
Doth now unbar her gilded gates of morn:
When from his eastern chamber breaks the *Sun*,
All cheerful in his splendid golden car,
The conquest he o'er sable night hath won,
And spreads the glorious welcome day afar;
For as *dark night* must sure succeed the day,
So will *bright morn* chace dullest night away.

T.

SELECTED.

THE SONG OF BRYAN THE MASON.

THE virgin blush on BRIDGET's cheek,
(Young Beauty's bright pavillion)
In that excels a new-burnt brick,
Carnation or vermillion.

Her forehead is as limestone fair,
When into white-wash turn'd;
The jetty lustre of her hair,
Like wood to charcoal burn'd.

The livid glance, shot from her eye,
Outshines the vivid spark,
That from the smith is seen to fly,
Or chimney in the dark.

Her iv'ry neck hung round with beeds,
In many a glitt'ring volume,
For elegance of form exceeds
The finest Grecian column.

Her taper arm is smooth as ice,
And white as Parian marble;
Whene'er she sings, so sweet her voice,
A stone-chat seems to warble.

At dancing she outstrips the ring,
So nimble and so antic—
In short, she's such a charming thing,
She sets poor BRYAN frantic.

And if she won't consent to wed
Her love-distracted Mason,
Why, he will die—and when he's dead,
She'll rue the fatal reason.

Then on his case with pity think,
Who makes this fond avowal—
Let Hymen us together link,
With his cement and trowel:

Nor doubt, my Bridget, when I swear,
By plummet, square, and line,
Asunder nought but death shall tear
The bond that makes thee mine.

THE NORTH STAR AND METEOR.

A FABLE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

BRISK from the north old Eolus blew,
And Autumn's fogs before him flew;
Around the planets gaily move,
Or spot th' ethereal arch above;
While darting thro' the lower sphere
The meteors' mimic forms appear;
By distance favour'd to our sight,
They shine a mass of purest light:
But in the philosophic eye,
That regions ken, and worlds descry,
To us unknown—the trifles blaze
With borrow'd evanescent rays.

Unconscious of its speedy fate,
And giddy with its transient state,
One of this useless tribe address'd
The polar Star——and thus express'd,
With acrimonious, helpless spite,
That useful orb of brilliant light,
In terms of foul illiberal taunt—
" Thou helpless twinkler, hence—avaunt!
" Nor dare oppose with feeble shine
" Thine half extinguish'd pow'rs to mine.
" Look round this vast expanse of air,
" And say, can aught with me compare—
" Aught match my size, or spreading beams,
" Which o'er the plain cerulean gleams?
" Warn'd, then, in time pale Star, retire,
" Nor rival such superior fire!"

" Boast not," the northern Star replies,
" Nor aim at folly so unwise:
" 'Tis distance lessens in thine eye
" The worth that folly would decry.
" If small to thee this orb appear,
" And circumscrib'd its bounded sphere,
" Think of the task to me assign'd,
" Nor dare condemn, because thou'rt blind.
" The bold advent'rers by my aid
" New lands explore, new realms invade.
" *I* guide the sailor at the helm,
" When winds distress and seas o'erwhelm.
" Or should the dark and wat'ry cloud
" Conceal my face, my glory shroud,
" Perhaps e'en then my secret pow'r
" Preserves him in the dangerous hour."

Impatient of its check so plain,
The Meteor thus resumes his strain——
" Hence thou inert, whose languid pace
" (If pace thou hast) these paths disgrace;
" Or learn of me to shine the round
" Of this vast goal's enormous bound."

So saying—down the ample skies
The Meteor streams—falls—bursts—and dies!

MORAL.

Thus strives the envious mind, in vain,
To lessen worth it can't attain.
And in the fatal conflict finds, too late,
That pride ill-founded meets a well-earn'd fate.

*** *Subscriptions for this Paper received at the Office, No.* 51, *South Third-street, price* 6¼ *Cents each number, payable every four weeks, or* 3 *Dollars a year to those who pay in advance—Subscribers at a distance either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible person in the city to become answerable for the money, as it becomes due.*